

THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., AUGUST 19, 1909.

Theo Sem
Reading Room

No. 33

OUR COUNTRY.

'O Beautiful, my Country!'
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers have suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem!

F. L. Hosmer.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price \$1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

It is said that a very large majority of the persons who have visited the Pacific Northwest this summer, drawn there from the East by the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, and the scenic attractions, are women.

Professor Wickson, dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of California, suggests a "Burbank School of Plant Breeding" as a department of the University. This, he believes would bring Mr. Burbank into that environment in which he could do his greatest work for humanity.

A new \$1,300,000 bridge will ere long span the Willamette at Portland. It will be built by the Harriman railroads as soon as the plans have been approved by the war department of the United States government. The great Pacific Northwest is all the time calling for the best things in modern progress. The new bridge will take the place of a steel one constructed some years ago.

It is rumored that the Rev. Dr. J. W. Brougher of Portland will be called as the successor of Dr. Robert Burdette at the Temple Auditorium, Los Angeles. The serious illness of Dr. Burdette will be regretted widely. It was given to him to do a great work for righteousness in Los Angeles and wherever his influence was felt. In Portland Dr. Brougher has exerted a marked influence, drawing large crowds to his church.

The Baptist Theological Seminary at Berkeley will begin soon the erection of an \$80,000 building only a short distance from the State University grounds. Three theological seminaries are now affiliated with the University—Pacific, the Congregational institution, the oldest on the coast, first established in Oakland; that of the "Christian" church, and that of the Baptist. These seminaries are coordinated to some extent.

"The very people that the law was framed to reach evade it," is the way the Oregonian comments on the working of the law enacted by the last legislature of the state of Washington for the examination of persons contemplating marriage. That is true, but when The Oregonian

terms the measure a brutal one, it errs greatly. The law is all right. But so long as neighboring states and the British Columbia provinces do not have anything of the kind it will be evaded.

Portland city officials being about to locate the new city jail just across the street from the children's playgrounds, the Rev. Dr. Dyott made strenuous objections in a sermon in the First Congregational church on a recent Sunday. "Shall we have a theater of crime with the children constituting the audience?" asked Dr. Dyott, and answered: "Portland forbid! The mere idea of a child's playground and a jail near each other is too revolting to be entertained for one moment.."

It was a drawing of the line too closely when no minister or justice of the peace in Walla Walla could be prevailed upon to unite in marriage a Japanese man and a white woman. The man was the equal of the woman apparently, and both were of good character and habits. Some marriages of this sort are no more to be condemned than marriages of Americans to French or German people—or even of not a few Americans to Americans.

The mysterious North Coast railroad in the state of Washington—a mystery for a year or two—still remains a mystery. It is projected from Spokane and Walla Walla to Portland and Puget Sound. A large amount of money has been expended in costly right-of-way, and some construction work has been done; and yet no one except the interested parties know who is back of the enterprise. It does not seem that it can be any company now operating in the state, and guesses are from the Canadian Pacific to the Chicago and Northwestern.

Southern California loses a valuable worker in the departure of the Rev. Dr. Soper from Pilgrim Church, Pomona, to take the pastorate of the First Church at Nashua, New Hampshire. This change opens up a fine field for service in Southern California for some other consecrated worker. Pomona is one of the delightful little cities of our Southland, and Pilgrim Church, with its more than five hundred members, has one of the fairest fields for Christian service and usefulness to be found on the Pacific coast. When the new house of worship, now contemplated, shall have been built, the church will occupy still better vantage ground as a force for righteousness. It was at Pomona that the late Dr. L. A. Frary labored so successfully for many years, being with the church almost from its inception until failing health compelled the laying down of the work. May Pilgrim Church find soon a worthy successor to these two faithful men—Drs. Frary and Soper.

"All that remains to make Los Angeles one of the foremost cities of the whole world is the completion of the Owens River Aqueduct and the Panama Canal," says The Times. If the premise be correct, Los Angeles will be one of the foremost cities of the world, for the two great enterprises named are sure to be completed. It is "Los-Angeles-by-the-Sea" now, the corporate limits stretching away for eighteen miles from the place of the founding of the city to the ocean shore at San Pedro. Los Angeles has had remarkable growth in population during the last nine years, advancing from 102,000 in 1900 to 300,000 in 1909, not including the inhabitants of the territory recently annexed. Really, with this outreaching now, and the promised expenditure of ten million dollars in creating a great

harbor, it begins to look as if the prediction by some of her most optimistic citizens of a million inhabitants for Los Angeles in 1925 might come near to a realization. Make the date 1950 and we will accept the estimate.

The Pacific Theological Seminary year for 1909-'10 opened last Tuesday. There was a large attendance of students and friends of the seminary at the services in the chapel that forenoon. In the absence of President McLean, on affairs of state, Professor Buckham presided at the meeting. The scripture reading was by President Hill of the Baptist seminary, and prayer by Mr. Miles of the First Congregational Church. Speaking concerning Dean Nash, who had been announced for an address, A Message for the Hour, Professor Buckham remarked that it was eminently fitting that the man who next to its president had done more than all others to make the seminary what it is, should have had a year's rest. Before giving the address Professor Nash, who was greeted with prolonged applause as he arose, said that it was a privilege to have the year as he had had it, and that it was a joy to return now to take up again the work which is growing all the while apace, and which promises great things in future years. The address, "A Message For the Hour," was that in very truth. We felt as we heard it that we wanted it for publication in The Pacific. In all probability it will be given us for that purpose next week. Therefore we shall not spoil it now by any attempt at synopsis.

We cannot get away from the thought that Dr. Pardee "slopped over" at the irrigation congress at Spokane, when he criticised Secretary of the Interior Ballinger. It would have been better had Dr. Pardee stuck to his manuscript. Ballinger is an able lawyer, and the indications now are that he has been acting in these land reserve matters with the full knowledge of the administration at Washington. It is a mistake to brand as a knave a man prominent in the public service, simply because he does not please men of every opinion and faction. There is far too much of a disposition to do this; it causes not a few people to think that all men in public life are despicable in some way. The present writer recalls in this connection a letter which he received from Benjamin Harrison, when he was a United States Senator from Indiana, a short time before his election to the Presidency. It was concerning a postoffice appointment. Favoring a certain candidate, the widow of an old soldier, a letter had been written in her advocacy. It was strong, but yet it ended with the statement, "Nevertheless whatever the outcome I shall feel that you did what in your judgment seemed for the best." A letter came back from Senator Harrison in which were these words: "It is a real comfort to have a man write to me about a post-office who is willing to admit that the party will not go to the devil if I do not do what he wants, and who is further willing to admit that my judgment of the matter upon the papers submitted will be kindly accepted." The trouble too frequently is that people think things will go all to the devil if what they wish done is not done. Senator Harrison evidently found it that way more frequently than the other way. Similarly as to the policy of the new Secretary of the Interior and Dr. Pardee and those of whom he was the mouthpiece.

Oakland has a Suffrage Amendment League which is working for the enactment of an amendment to the constitution of the state which would give women the elective franchise. A larger and more inclusive organization is that

known as the Alameda County Political Equality Society. Recently the Oakland Tribune published the opinions of some of the women who are leading in this movement. Dr. Sarah I. Shuey was quoted as saying: "Why do I believe in suffrage for women? Because I am a human being as well as a woman, and I believe in true democracy, and wish to get into the company of rational human beings before the law, and not to be classed with the idiots, imbeciles, the insane and criminals—because the city, the state or nation is only a larger family, therefore it is inevitable and essential that women should share in the responsibility for the development of the race. Also because the best laws are enacted for children in states where women vote; because of the intelligent, thoughtful, earnest women who are the leaders in the woman's suffrage movement, and because there is no logical objection that would not apply equally to suffrage for men." Mrs. Sturtevant Peet, prominent in Woman's Christian Temperance work is quoted as saying: "I think that suffrage will be granted to women when those who are now withholding their opinions on the ballot would express themselves. Men are recognizing that the political parties of today have not the virtue that they once possessed. They realize that the virtue is lost. Conditions show this. The greater realization they have of this fact the sooner will they welcome and search for a better element. There is not nearly that party-worship that there was years ago." Dr. Susan Fenton's judgment is: "Everything is in favor and nothing against suffrage. The question lies largely with the women themselves. The ballot should not be a question of sex but of citizenship and education." The Pacific hopes for the speedy coming of the time when in every state of the union women will have the elective franchise. The arguments for it are weightier than those against it.

"I think Portland and Seattle will outgrow San Francisco," said ex-Senator Teller of Colorado in Portland a few days ago. He continued in that connection: "You have a better country back of these cities, and you have many great advantages and some day the Pacific Northwest will be the richest section of the United States. You have enough water supply to irrigate every foot of your soil, which when applied will produce better crops than the best in Illinois." The indications are that there will in a few years be several cities on the coast that will have a larger population than San Francisco unless the consolidation of all the bay into Greater San Francisco should come about. But San Francisco will ever be the great center, for the immense population hereabouts must minister to her commercial greatness even though there should always be as now several different municipalities. For all practical purposes commercially the cities always have been and always will be one. Just now San Francisco is in the dumps. Last Saturday The Chronicle, commenting on Seattle and Los Angeles enterprise, said: "Not only does capital go to Los Angeles rather than here, but our own people who have money are looking with longing eyes to other fields than this for investment. They are tired of San Francisco; tired of its hatreds; tired of the impotence of its mercantile community, which lost the great trade of Alaska to Seattle without a struggle, and for which we prophesy Los Angeles will most vigorously compete; tired of the degradation of our politics and of the people who permit it; tired of the contemptible pettiness of those who have accumulated most wealth; tired of the snarling of the city press; tired of the domination of the mob spirit; tired of the cowardice of those who fear it; tired

of the success of those who pander to it; tired of life in a city which is in unceasing war with all its public service corporations; tired of the perennial graft and of its impotent prosecution; tired of a people whose first thought is to knock the head which rises above the crowd; tired of the lack of leadership; tired of the division of effort; tired of a community which commits its great affairs to its small men; tired of the wrangling, lying and backbiting which never ceases; tired of all that imparts to San Francisco that which is characteristic of its civic life." Doubtless among the things in the mind of the writer of that editorial was the annoying Calhoun trial, seemingly interminable. Well, why doesn't the defense ask for a change of venue. The defense can do this; the prosecution cannot. In another county the Calhoun trial could be brought soon to an end. We do not believe that a San Francisco jury will ever agree.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S FORECAST OF THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

Some of the Comments Thereon.

The most discussed utterance of the year has been that of President Eliot of Harvard on the religion of the future, made at the summer school of theology in connection with that university. It was sent all over the country by the associated press several weeks ago, and the comments are yet numerous.

Coming from a Unitarian we were of opinion that it would be regarded as utterances from such sources have been regarded generally in the past, and accordingly discounted to considerable extent.

In the main criticism has been adverse.

One indorsement on the Pacific Coast, according to the San Francisco Call, was by the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, for twenty-four years the popular pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland and now president of Pacific Theological Seminary. The Call reported Dr. McLean as follows: "It is a very sensible prediction. The trend of modern religion is undoubtedly in the direction pointed out by Dr. Eliot, and his prediction coincides exactly with my opinion. As Dr. Eliot said, man must be led, not driven; and God must be loved, not feared, in order to be properly worshiped. As can be seen from Dr. Eliot's remarks, no hell will be recognized except that which dwells in a man's conscience. Dr. Eliot may perhaps have stated his case rather strongly, but in view of the trend of modern religion the state outlined by him is sure to come."

The foregoing was printed by The Call as part of symposium on the utterance, the representation being that the articles were written by those whose names were attached to them.

Just how much of President Eliot's utterance Dr. McLean had seen and how much of it he meant to indorse we do not know. The probabilities are that he had seen only the briefest statement.

We learn that not a few of our readers have not seen the statement which President Eliot is reported as making. His address in full will be published in the October number of the Harvard Theological Review. So far as our knowledge extends all of the address that was sent out by the Associated Press was the following:

"A new thought of God will be its characteristic. The twentieth century religion accepts literally St. Paul's state-

ment: 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' This new religion will be thoroughly monotheistic. God will be so imminent that no intermediary will be needed. For every man God will be a multiplication of infinities. A humane and worthy idea of God then will be the central thought of the new religion.

"This religion rejects the idea that man is alien or a fallen being who is hopelessly wicked. It finds such beliefs inconsistent with a worthy idea of God. Man has always attributed to man a spirit associated but independent of the body. This spirit is shown in a man's habits, in his appearance and actions—in short, it is his personality; it is the most effective part of every human being. In the crisis of a battle it is a superior soul that rallies the troops, and it appeals to souls—not to bodies.

"The new religion will admit no sacraments, except natural, hallowed customs, and it will deal with natural interpretations of such rites. Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. It will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation. I believe the advent of just freedom for mankind has been delayed for centuries by such promises. Prevention will be the watchword of the new religion, and a skilful surgeon will be one of its ministers. It cannot supply consolation as offered by old religions, but it will reduce the need of consolation.

"The new religion will laud God's love, and will not teach condemnation for the mass of mankind. The true end of all religions and philosophy is to teach man to serve his fellow-man, and this religion will do this increasingly. It will not be bound by dogma or creed, its workings will be simple, but its field of action limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of co-operative good-will.

"Again and again different bodies of people such as Spiritualists and Christian Scientists have set up new cults. But the mass of people stay by the church. Since there will be undoubtedly more freedom in this century, it may be argued that it will be difficult to unite various religions under this new head; but such unity, I believe, can be accomplished on this basis—the love of God and service to one's fellow-man. There are already many signs of extensive co-operation—democracy, individualism, idealism, a tendency to welcome the new, and preventive medicine. Finally, I believe the new religion will make Christ's revelation seem fore wonderful than ever to us."

Among the best comments on President Eliot's forecast is that of the New York Churchman, the leading Episcopal paper in the United States, which we quote here:

"President Eliot's outline is remarkably suggestive of the religious system of the eighteenth century fathered by the English deists. It contains, too, some of Voltaire's religiosity in those serious moments when he wished to impress upon the world that he was something more than a mocker at religion. If President Eliot can succeed in putting any kind of life and vigor into these fragments of eighteenth century rationalism, he will at least have surpassed all historic precedents and overcome serious obstacles in the present social conditions of mankind. Even the French Revolutionists, with all the machinery of the Terror behind them, could not force an artificial system of religion on a people far from blindly loyal to the Gallican Church of the old regime. It may be thought a far cry back to such remote examples, but Dr. Eliot's Church of

Culture seems likely to be as unrealizable as ever Comte's Church of Science was. Every principle of any value in this programme for a new religion, and it does contain not a few, should secure generous approval and sympathy. The question is, where the driving force is to come from to put these excellent principles into action. The love of God and the service of man are the highest of ideals. But such ideals are not incompatible with even lower types of religion, as President Eliot must know from his knowledge of the great characters of antiquity. The question before the world is to bring mankind as a whole up to the standard of those exceptionally endowed natures who have lived, worked and died for their fellow-men.

'Now Christianity stands for a great spiritual democracy. In this is the hopefulness of the future outlook for the Christian world and also for that non-Christian world which is today being brought strikingly and in so many ways under the influence of the religion of the Cross. The idea of a sudden break or cataclysm such as that foreshadowed in President Eliot's new religion is entirely out of harmony with the results of that study of comparative religion which is being so eagerly prosecuted in every country. It tells us of the victories won by Christianity because of its ability to assimilate the various religious elements already existing in mankind. Religions are not produced mechanically. They grow up naturally and organically. Wherever they have been successful they have a broad social foundation for this growth. No coterie of educated men, however generous their aspirations, have produced a religion, any more than they have produced a State.

'There will be, President Eliot tells us, in his new religion no deification of remarkable human beings. This is a delicate but not a frank way of saying that the honor now paid to our Lord by those who accept him as their leader because he incorporates all the highest ideals of character, all the greatest achievements of conduct, will disappear in the drab atmosphere of the new religion. We cannot believe that any such disloyalty to the deepest principles in man's nature will ever be realized. The intellectual forms in which reverence to Christ is expressed are in themselves not essential. The Arab, the African and the Hindoo may think in different forms of the divine nature. But as the name of Christ becomes known, and as his followers realize his purpose for making the world one common brotherhood, his absolute position as the revealer of God and the revealer of man is likely to be more intensely realized. Indeed it is plainly recognized at the present time that though interest in theological systems has declined, the influence of great personalities is greater than it ever was. There is a widespread desire for leadership, a conviction that mere verbal declarations are unsatisfying. So arises the common indifference toward church organizations which seem to live for formulas and to care so little for life.

'The new religion will still be the religion of Christ. His name stands as the symbol and the cause of human progress. The churches, just because they are called by his name, can treat their own past with boldness, they can tolerate frank criticism, they can recognize how their proper work has been frustrated by their errors and weaknesses. But no social observer who ignores the tremendous spiritual vitality in Christian organizations, even as they show it in the artificial restraints of the present day, can be trusted to outline a scheme for a new religion which fails to take account of Christ and would look upon his leadership as un-

essential. Every institution of the present day speaks of forward progress, or social amelioration, of the obligation to make the standards of public and business life respond to the demands of a greater and more enlightened morality. But all of this tells really of the extension of Christ's kingdom. It is in the power of his name and in homage to his person that the great social movements of the day will be carried on and will achieve their victory.'

The Religious editor of the Boston Transcript said in part:

'Unquestionably orthodoxy has undergone many modifications. Its thought of God is larger and wider than it once was. Its conception of man makes room for what we have learned about his physical origin and what we have discovered about many men in all climes and all stages of development. But to say that the coming religion is one out of which all mystery shall have gone is—so it seems to me—to ignore the very essence of religion. If you once posit a God in the universe you virtually admit the supernatural. The fruits of any decent religion are the graces and virtues of a good life. There is nothing supernatural about them. They are out in the sphere of every-day life where anyone can see them. Kindness, mercy, justice, purity, helpfulness. But they are rooted in the life of the soul with its maker, and just at this vital point President Eliot seems to orthodox Christians to be cutting the roots of these virtues, for to them the life of the infinite, unseen God so far as it can be construed to human understanding is measured chiefly by the character of Christ and his career upon the earth. Any slighting of this seems to them to leave one in the mire of doubt and uncertainty. Hence their aversion to any religion, whether it is heralded as new or old, which glosses over the historical, positive, objective revelation of Christ. This or that man who does it may be a true Christian in his daily walk and conversation, he may perhaps be sweeter and more unselfish than many an orthodox believer, but it does not follow that he is a trustworthy teacher or interpreter of that great force and movement which we call Christianity. Anyone to be accredited thus must take account of the multitudes of intelligent men and women in all parts of the globe who still believe in the supernatural. He must reckon also with the witness of the Christian experience of nineteen centuries, with the fervor and sweep of New Testament literature and most of all with that significant person who created the New Testament, the Church and the Christian civilization.'

NO USE.

By "Highland."

Cephas, I see what you think, but I have a different thought. Did you ever seek to get an even pressure over an irregularly shaped piece of hard rubber, so that you could hold it steady and flatten it out. Yes; well, did you succeed? To my mind God delivers his children out of the hands of the wicked in a way that suggests your attempt. The pressure of the world in its godlessness and in our imperfect understanding of its real action and nature will remain pressure; the world will strike you and it will cause pain; the world will deceive you and real loss will come to you; the world will be so relentless in its persecutions that the only thing you can do to appease it will be to get off the earth; but the divinity in a child of God will slip from under the pressure; the pain will be forgotten in joy; the

loss will be neutralized by riches laid up above, and the persecution will be turned to blessedness. "Wait and see the salvation of God," and when you see it you will forget that you waited. The world will get all the money but the saints only will be rich.

Of course things will be in life as if there were no God; no change will be apparent to the natural eye, no worldly wisdom will ever understand, no mere transmitted life in man will ever see it, or have power to receive a sensation divine. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The rule is that a man shall be saved by faith, and faith does not begin until reason ends. Mind you, Cephas, I do not say that there is no deliverance apparent and real, but I say that I would not agree to cure any man's infirmity by prayer, or play with a muddy stick to prove I could keep clean, or use the arm of the Almighty to do good to others for a silver offering.

God will deliver his saints from the world pressure. Jesus prayed that his disciples be delivered from the evil in the world, but did not pray that they be taken out of it. The world will go on playing ball, but in spite of appearance every one of God's promises will be fulfilled. Present realization has the big stick but is becoming less as steam runs the engine. It is being exhausted in its effort.

It surprises me, Cephas, that you forgot to notice that this apparent neglect of God to concern himself in the affairs of the saints is necessary to make the condition of soul that moves the arm of God.

Why should you and I want to be equal with God after He has told us that spirit taint can only be removed in those who are in the formative state. Satan fell from heaven, Cephas, and could not be redeemed, but several things will happen ere that could be true of us. God is the Doctor, my son, and you will take your medicine or take the consequences because you are not up in the science of medicine. Oh yes, of necessity there are some things you can't understand, but are true. The end of every growth would be in the beginning if we had our way; if God would give us deliverance when we ask it; if the apparent unconcern of God for his saints were removed. You and I need the sky and you and I need the things that compel faith because there is no other way.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

John Wright Buckham.

Men do not often look upon poets as the leaders of thought. That role is, as a rule, ascribed to philosophers, educators, scientists, authors of a more solid and substantial sort. But in not a few instances, for the most part in the earlier history of literature, but notably in the case of Alfred Tennyson, in our own time, has a poet become a pre-eminent moulder of the thought of his age. The farther we recede from Tennyson the larger looms his figure among the great formative intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. The fact that his message was given in verse and not in prose in no way limits it. That his "every thought breaks out a rose," does not make it less virile and convincing. A rose-thought may be as forceful and final as a thorn-thought or a rock-thought. "What struck me most about him," wrote Fanny Kemble of Tennyson, "was the union of strength and refinement." That is a characteristic of his work as well as of the man. Strength and refinement win a hearing. Tennyson was a bulwark

of strength to the fainting hearts of his generation. The panic-stricken faith of the middle of the nineteenth century looked to him for support and through his voice that of the Master once more spoke to the troubled waters of the times, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm.

Tennyson was a man of intense convictions. In contrast with the so-called "open-mindedness" of to-day, with its non-committal hesitancy—waiting for one feather more to tip the scales—he seems a terrible, uncivilized partisan. Certain great beliefs which seemed to him invaluable, he held with a passion that cannot but strike the dilettante as uncouth and barbaric. It is reported that he said of immortality: "If it be not true then no God but a mocking fiend created us, and I'd shake my fist in his almighty face and tell him that I cursed him." This outburst quite breaks over the poet's customary reverence, but one cannot help rejoicing in its daring and its intensity. A truth means something to a man who utters it in such fashion. Our timid, half-hearted, acceptances look pale and shadowy before such robust conviction. Nor was there any bigotry or narrowness in Tennyson's creed. It was broadly, deeply, rationally grounded—the outgrowth of long and wide reflection as well as of vital experience. In nothing—as has often been pointed out—is the breadth and intelligence of Tennyson's theology so thoroughly proved as in his splendid meeting and mastery of the scientific doubts of his day which was perhaps his greatest service. In so far as science had something definite and reasonable to say he accepted it with open hospitality; in so far as it transgressed its sphere to offer doubts and negations he rebuked it with a ringing challenge in the name of human values and religious experience. And from his intrepid and intelligent attitude his generation caught new courage.

The pent-up protest of the deeper faith of his time uttered itself through Tennyson when he wrote:

"If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe, no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in a Godless deep,

A warmth, within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt'."

Here was a confident and intrepid appeal to what is called the heart, as over against the intellect. And yet it was not an appeal away from reason, but only from its "colder part." Tennyson never renounced rationality in favor of emotion, or "feeling." What he did was to exalt the spiritual intuition over the logical process while reserving for the latter also its important, though secondary function.

"Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell."

It was not mere ignorant pugnacity, but intelligent and understanding discrimination that gave such stinging force to the lines:

"Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

"Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things."

Tennyson was a poet, and a poet only, by gift and by choice, and took his vocation seriously. He did not dabble, nor doddle, nor turn aside, but gave himself to his high calling right earnestly in the spirit of the man who wrote, "This one thing I do." The result has lent a larger meaning to poetry and made the title poet a loftier one to attain. When one who has taken up literature as an experiment or a pastime comes out with some other clever verses which he has "dashed off" and we are tempted to call him a poet, the image of the great laureate rises, august and commanding, before us and gives us pause. His large but restrained use of his genius—that which Chesterton calls "the stateliness and care of his workmanship"—have left an even and symmetrical volume of achievement which rises above mediocre work like an Egyptian pyramid looking down upon a child's sand hill. What a noble life work it is, as it stands before us in all its wealth and completeness, with the light of eternal dawn upon it, "part of our life's unalterable good," one of the great treasures of art which the ages are garnering!

Yet it is all so recently completed and appraised. It seems but yesterday that he crossed the bar, but we are observing the centenary of his birth. Yet as Chesterton points out, "Tennyson belonged to a period from which we are divided: the period in which men had had queer ideas of the antagonism of science and religion, the period in which the Missing Link was really missing." Our little systems have their day "and cease to be," as he wrote, and their day becomes briefer and briefer as thought and knowledge move on with increased acceleration. But that which is eternal in them all abides, and the great men behind the systems live on with a vital, unimpaired influence that seems to grow rather than fade as the years pass. I was told the other day of a young man, brought up in an educated home, who had never heard of Moses. Yet Moses is today a greater and more living power in the world than when he led the Israelites across the Red Sea into the Promised Land. Thus, in his way, with Tennyson. He is not among the dead, but the living. It is well that the centenary of his birth be observed, but not as that of a poet who is "dead and gone," whose memory we are trying to keep alive, but as that of a spirit who is still with us, in whose company we "come on that which is and no man understands," and "catch the deep pulsations of the world." It seems petty and unreal to call him great and laud his memory. Better to greet him across the intervening but not insuperable spaces, as he greeted and communed with Arthur Hallam and bid him

"Be near us when the light is low,
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle, and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow."

Tennyson has not only already done a great service to the world, proving that "they also serve who only dream and sing"—if they dream and sing to such purpose as he—but he has a great service to do still, strengthening future generations, as he has ours, in faith in God and in his strong Son and in the immortal life.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

The late change in the French ministry, the recent visit of some notable Frenchmen to the United States, and the recent speech of Dr. Jordan, President of Stanford, at Bryn Mawr, awakened in Americans an unusual interest in France and French affairs and hence the appropriateness of the subject of this article in giving information to the reader of the nature of government in France and in instituting a comparison between that government and that which obtains in the United States.

France, like the American union, and unlike Great Britain, has a written constitution. Indeed since 1789 she has had a plethora of such; several being better than the present one; the inferiority of the latter arising from the fact that this last was born in a time in which there was not only war from without and the merciless rage of Communists from within, but an uncertainty as to the nature of the government which was to be set up. Germany's iron chancellor had demanded a war indemnity of a billion of dollars; had in a contemptuous spirit caused the victorious army to march with colors flying and bands playing through Paris; had arranged for and consummated the crowning of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany at Versailles; had at last received the whole war indemnity and France was left to work out its own fate, and then came the awful rising of the "reds," from which there resulted more devastation and more spilling of blood than ever in an equal time in the worst days of the old Revolution. An assembly was hastily called to meet at Versailles, solely elected to deal with the enemy and to pacify the nation; but some sort of government must be set up and this was the only body that could show any right to frame such. In the haste and excitement, the monarchists gained a large majority in the elections, but fortunately they were divided into three factions—Napoleonists, Orleanists, and Legitimists, and the only thing in which they would agree was to frame a written constitution of such a nondescript character that it might be made by a few changes only to suit almost any kind of government that might eventually be set up. As one instance of the indefiniteness of this document, it may be said that nowhere in the original draft does the word Republic appear, and whenever the head of the government must be mentioned he is called The Executive. This document, amended in some important particulars, is still the fundamental law of the land, though it may be observed here, that the government in practice depends as much upon unwritten law and upon legislative enactment as upon the requirements of the constitution.

First in importance and in power is the legislature, which consists of two houses—the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. Just as the Senate of the American Union represents the individual states in their sovereign capacity, so does the Senate of France represent the Departments in their sovereign capacity; but while in America, a Senator is elected by the legislature of the state which he is to represent, in France a Senator is elected by an Electoral College in the Department he is to represent, in a manner similar to the election of the President in the United States. The French Senate consists of three hundred members—between three and four times the number that represent the states at Washington. When the French Senate was first formed, there were in it seventy-five members, the

term of each one of whom was for life; but in 1844 the appointment or election of such members ended, and naturally the original number has been diminishing by death and resignation until more than one-half have been removed, their places being filled by elected members for the regular term of nine years. The whole body of Senators (save, of course, life members) is so divided that there is an election of one-third of the membership of the Senate every three years. In France, the Departments are not equally represented in the Senate, for the number of Senators to which any Department is entitled depends on population.

The Chamber of Deputies now consists of five hundred and eighty-four members, elected in districts by manhood suffrage. Each member is elected for four years. The Chamber of Deputies is unlike the Commons of England, in which latter, though the members are elected for seven years, yet the House may be dissolved by King or Premier at any time and an appeal be taken to the people whenever it is supposed the House is not representing the people or a clash occurs between Cabinet and House on government measures so called.

The usual place of meeting for the Legislature is Paris, but the Constitution makes it imperative for the meeting-place to be Versailles, whenever amendments to the Constitution are to be discussed or a president is to be elected, on the ground that since such occasions are critical ones, it is just as well for the members of the Legislature to be a good distance away from a Parisian mob, experiences with which have been frequent in the history of French legislation. Whenever the meeting-place is Versailles the two houses sit together, and the eight hundred and eighty-four members thus meeting and discussing together, are known as the National Assembly.

The reader knows how hard it is in the United States to amend the Constitution; for an amendment to become the law of the land, requires a two-thirds vote of both the national Senate and House of Representatives, and this vote must be ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the whole number of states; but in France it requires but a majority of the National Assembly to alter the Constitution, and yet, strange to say, so far, very little change as I have suggested before has been made.

The Chief Executive is the President, elected by the National Assembly, meeting at Versailles, for a term of seven years, and a president is eligible for re-election. The power of the president is directly very little, as compared to that which a president of the United States can, acting within the provisions of the Constitution, exercise. He receives ambassadors, in theory designates the members of the Cabinet, though in fact he names only the Premier, which latter designates the other members of the Cabinet, and even in the appointment of Premier there must be a wholesome deference to the will of the people or of the Legislature. A strong president, like a powerful king of England, can greatly influence the legislature by his personality, the strength and wisdom of his advice, and by the esteem and affection he has succeeded in awakening in the minds of the French people. He has no veto over the legislature. Like the King of England, the President of France reigns but does not rule. The reason of this want or lack of power comes from the fact that the French are trying the unique experiment of combining the advantages respectively of the English and American systems of government; for the Premier and his Cabinet are responsible for their

actions and really with the legislature rule the country. The Premier and the members of the Cabinet generally, are members of the Chamber of Deputies, and must resign their offices whenever they are out of accord with the majority of that body. While the Cabinet is in existence, it has great power, for it appoints all the vast number of officers to run the national government. And since everything is highly centralized in France, it appoints, with few exceptions, every local officer to those of cities and towns; for properly speaking, there is nothing like State government in France. The members of the Chamber of Deputies have a power over the members of the Cabinet by exercising a right known as **Interpellation**. Any deputy can call upon any Cabinet officer (who as a member will be in the Chamber at the time) to explain his action in this or that matter, and there is no alternative, no possible evasion; he must answer fully, and plainly, and if not satisfactory the House can pass a vote of censure or dismissal, and the whole Cabinet must fall with him, since it is supposed that a wise and judicious Cabinet as a whole will be informed of all the acts of any one of its members.

For administrative purposes France has been divided into eighty-eight Departments; these are divided into Arrondissements; these into Cantons; these into Communes, of which there are some 40,000 altogether. The Departments are districts for the election of Deputies, the Cantons are judicial districts. The Communes vary greatly in size, from large cities to small rural units with perhaps only a hundred people. Each, however, is governed by a mayor and a council, and until 1884 the mayor was appointed by the central government, but is now elected by the Communal Council. Each of the subdivisions of the nation is a corporation, can sue and be sued; each has its own budget for local purposes. While each has a council elected by manhood suffrage, all appointment of officers (except in the Commune) is in the hands of the Minister of the Interior, one of the members of the Cabinet, and any officer thus appointed can be removed any time. The Prefect of the Department resembles a little a Governor of a state, but with more power, for he has the full right of appointment of police in the Communes, of postmen, and even of laborers, for which, however, he is responsible to the Minister of the Interior, and he to the Cabinet, and the Cabinet to the Chamber of Deputies, so thoroughly centralized is the whole machinery of government. The Arrondissement, with its council and president of the council, corresponds some little to a county in the United States, but all the acts of its council, and indeed all the acts of every council, from Department to Commune, are subject to be disallowed, and the Prefect of the Department can dissolve the council whenever he sees fit.

Here we have an example of a government at the top which represents the people and governments beneath that are much in the same condition as when Louis XIV. reigned, and here too we have the unique example of endeavoring to rule a country by the Cabinet system of England combined with the representative system of the United States, and the problems of government thus presented are being studied earnestly by statesmen the world over.

SEMINARY COURSES OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

Pacific Theological Seminary has three courses this year which are open to the public. One is by Professor Buckingham on "The History and Philosophy of Religion." In this

the great world religions will be considered, together with the theories of the origin of religion and its essential elements. Special consideration will be given to the relation of Christianity to other religions.

The course of lectures by Professor Castor on The Gospel According to John will also be open to the public. The problems connected with the Fourth Gospel will be considered.

There will be, this semester, under the supervision of Professor Rugh of the University of California, a study in the Psychology of Child Development. The public will be permitted to attend and participate in this.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm H. Scudder.

Topic for August 29, "Our Cosmopolitan Population."

—Luke 13: 22-30.

The Missionary Committee can make this rather difficult subject an intensely interesting one, by securing the "Outlook" for December 28th, 1907 (Vol. 87, No. 17), which contains an article by Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, and an equally instructive and interesting article by Mary B. Sayles, on the actual reception of an immigrant who lands in this country. By a judicious handling of the various sections of these articles to the members, they can be read, or better, told, so as to give the society a vivid idea of the situation on Ellis Island, the Gateway of the Nation. The article in the Endeavor World bristling with facts and figures would make an excellent addition if the blackboard is used to convey to the eye what does not so readily impress the ear.

But the problem of the immigrant does not terminate with his entrance or even his location in the country. What is to be done with and for him after he is settled? This subject was brought up before the National Convention of the Federal Council of Churches in Philadelphia, the first part of the year, and the results which grew out of that deliberation can well be studied by members of the Endeavor Societies. Many of our societies are asking for some new avenue for the expenditure of their energies. Here is one which can be followed in the true missionary spirit. The following suggestions of the Rev. O. S. Davis were unanimously adopted.

Concerning the Opportunity Before the Churches.

Whereas, There has been within recent years a radical change in the source and character of the immigration to America; and,

Whereas, There is in the popular mind a prevalent temper of disparagement of these strangers which ill consists with the spirit and teaching of Jesus concerning human brotherhood;

Resolved, That the Federal Council urge upon the churches that they recognize in the problem of the religious care of the immigrant an unprecedented opportunity and a paramount obligation, and that they undertake this service wherever possible in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Concerning Agencies Already at Work.

Whereas, It appears from a survey of the work now being done for the religious care of the immigrants by the evangelical churches of the United States, that certain agencies of an interdenominational character are already at work in the field, as, for example, the American Bible So-

ciety, the several State Bible Societies, the American Tract Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association; be it

Resolved, By the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, that we hope for a wider use of these agencies on the part of denominational bodies, and commend them to the churches for support.

Concerning the Public Schools.

Recognizing the fact that the possession of a common language is the most essential factor in successful preaching and worship, the Federal Council hereby

Resolved, That we urge upon the churches a keener appreciation of the work of the public schools, particularly through their evening sessions, in teaching the newcomers English, and call the attention of the churches to the opportunity for similar service in connection with their Sunday School and church work.

Concerning a Survey of the Local Field.

Inasmuch as work for the religious care of the immigrants must depend for its success and permanence upon accurate knowledge of the local conditions under which such work must be done, and this information can be secured most economically by the joint action of the churches of a city or neighborhood,

Therefore, the Federal Council calls to the attention of the churches in every city and district the necessity for federated action in obtaining facts concerning their several fields of service and devising the best methods and agents to be employed in undertaking the service in any case.

Concerning the Duty of the Individual Church in the Religious Care of the Immigrant.

In view of the changed conditions of a great majority of our parishes and the coming into them of great numbers of foreign-speaking immigrants, therefore,

Resolved, That the Federal Council urge upon the churches wherever possible the inauguration of work for the religious care of these people in their own buildings and through the agency of their own volunteer or paid workers.

Concerning Denominational Activity Under Federated Counsel.

Whereas, There exists in the present opportunity for the religious care of immigrants by the churches of the United States a unique demand for federated endeavor within certain limits; and,

Whereas, It does not appear that the undertaking of definite missionary work for these people by federation is in general expedient, be it

Resolved, By the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America that we urge upon the churches that local federations, in district, city, or state, survey the field, study conditions, and plan the work to be undertaken, leaving its prosecution to the church or denomination assigned to the particular service, the Federation standing ready with counsel and encouragement to bring such denominational endeavor to the full measure of efficiency.

HELP WANTED.

The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific desires three young women to fill positions of honor and usefulness, as follows:

One kindergartener for Foochow, China. The sum of six thousand dollars is now in the hands of the American Board to be used for new buildings when a teacher is on the ground to make plans for buildings.

One teacher for Brousa, Turkey.

One teacher for Chikore, Rhodesian Mission, South Africa. Write to Secretary W. B. M. P., 1834 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Rev. C. E. Chase has presented his resignation and it is to take effect at the end of August.

Paradise.—A Church Raising Bee on August 8th created much enthusiasm and assisted very materially in the progress of the new church. Rev. F. W. Reid is the architect and builder.

Auburn.—The Rev. Oliver Van Wagnen has presented his resignation which he wishes to take effect the 1st of September. It is his intention to go East for a time, and spend a year in rest there and here. Under his leadership the work has prospered, and a good field will be turned over to his successor. The church building is to be refurnished during the summer vacation at a cost of about \$200.

Oakland, Second.—On the evening of the 5th of September the first of the services for the consideration of the relation of workingmen to the churches will be held. An address will be given by Mr. Andrews of Berkeley, a representative workingman. The Methodist church will unite with the Congregational in these services. Next Sunday evening there will be a union service with the Methodists, and a Roman Catholic will be the speaker.

Eureka.—The congregations have kept up unusually well for the vacation season, larger than for some years. There still remain problems for this church, but they are working out slowly. Just now they are extremely thankful that a fire that started in the basement and that had eaten out through the side of the building was discovered by a man returning from his work at 3:00 a. m., and extinguished. The damage of about \$200 was covered by insurance. It might easily have been much worse.

Sunol Glen.—Rev. L. L. Wirt gave his lecture, "Twelve Thousand Miles With Dogsledge and Snow Shoes" recently to a good house. He was very enthusiastically received, all who were present expressing their delight at the fascinating presentation of his remarkable experiences. This was the last of a series of travel talks, the previous speakers being Prof. Geo. D. Castor of the Pacific Theological Seminary, of the University of California, and Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga. The lectures have all been free, the ladies sell San Diego. The lectures have all been free, the ladies selling ice cream.

Riverside.—First Church, Riverside, has a special "twilight service" for reception of new members, August 8th. Fourteen united on confession of faith. There were twenty additions in all in the first five weeks of the pastorate of Rev. Horace Porter. The attendance and interest is such that the advisory committee of the church has decided to keep the church open all summer, contrary to the usual custom. On Monday afternoon, August 9, a fine audience of the Japanese, representing the Japanese branch of the

First Church, and other local bodies, assembled in First church to hear Rev. T. Miyagowa. His inspiring and spiritual address deeply interested his fellow countrymen.

Angels Camp.—Rev. J. W. Doane has resigned from the work at Angels Camp. The church and the fellowship regret to lose him. The progress of the church and the community at Angels has been quite remarkable during this pastorate. Twenty months since the church had a membership of twenty. Today there are ninety members. Then there were sixty places in town where liquor was sold. Today there is a strong W. C. T. U., a Coffee Club occupies a place where a saloon was, and a movement is on foot to submit the question of local option in the county. Then there was no prayer meeting; now a splendid one. A good work! Mr. Doane goes to La Mesa. We wish him success.

Paso Robles.—Special meetings were recently held by Mr. Paul C. Brown, State Field Secretary of Christian Endeavor. These resulted in several additions to our own church and also to other churches of the community. A still more hopeful result of the meetings was a genuine deepening of the spiritual life of all the churches in the town. A union prayer circle of young women and a union young men's Bible class. During the summer months union preaching services are being held on the first Sunday evening of each month. During the past two winters union Mission Study classes were successfully held, taking up the first year the study of immigration, and the second year the "Uplift of China." It is expected that a similar course will be followed this winter.

Campbell.—Rev. Mr. Marsh of Paso Robles has been spending his vacation in Campbell this summer. He spoke one evening on "Life and Customs in Bulgaria." Two of the young ladies of the pastor's Sunday School class were dressed in native costume. As Mr. Marsh was born on the mission field his talk was intensely interesting and instructive. The Sunday night following the pastor gave a stereopticon song service. The church was crowded at both services. This is our busy season at Campbell in the fruit. The pay roll for the town this summer is \$5,000 a week. Our services are attended by the fruit workers, especially the C. E. meetings are thus helped. It is a delight to see how many young people take their active interest with them on their vacation work.

AN EVENING OF STORY AND SONG.

Thursday evening, August the 26th, there will be in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, "An Evening of Story and Song for Children and Grown-ups." This will be by Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks, assisted at the piano by Mrs. Lowell M. Redfield.

A delightful evening is anticipated by East Oakland people, and doubtless many of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Brooks elsewhere about the bay will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to meet them again before their departure from their vacation in California to take up again the work at Walla Walla.

Mrs. Brooks' ability to entertain in a musical way is widely known, and it is hoped that this entertainment, which is for the benefit of the church, will be largely attended.

Tickets for adults are on sale at fifty cents; for children at twenty-five cents.

ANNUAL MEETING OF W. B. M. P.

Sept 1st is the date of our Annual, to be held at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Sessions at 10:30 and 1:30 p. m. An important item of business is the formation of the Northern Branch of California. Miss Wikoff, just home from North China, is expected; and other interesting speakers.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Dr. James H. Lyman, chairman of the Board of Deacons of the First Church, who has filled the Chair of Chemistry and Physics in the Portland Academy for more than fifteen years, has been called to fill the Chair of Chemistry in Pomona College, Claremont, Cal. Dr. Lyman was graduated from Beloit, Wisconsin, and then from Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. If there is one dominant characteristic possessed by him above another it is faithfulness to every duty as he understands it. The loss to the First Church will be great by his departure, likewise that of the excellent Academy with which he has been associated so many years. The gain to Pomona and the church there will be equally great. He and his family will leave Portland on August 17th for their new home. Their friends here are legion, and all bid them God-speed.

Dr. Dyott, of the First Church, fills his pulpit regularly every Sunday morning this month, but in the evening a number of the other churches of our order unite with the First in a union service. This has been a helpful and well attended service. Dr. Dyott will take his vacation in October, and make a trip to New York, among other things. While absent it is expected that he will begin the preliminary work of preparation for the meeting of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress which will be held with the Portland churches some time next year.

Mr. G. A. Forbes, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Salem, was recently called to the larger field at Spokane, Washington. He has accepted that call and will enter his new field at once. He began his work in Salem five years ago. Then that Association had less than one hundred members and was heavily in debt. Now it is out of debt, the building has been thoroughly overhauled and important additions made in a number of departments, and there are three hundred members.

The corner-stone of the new Y.M.C.A. building at Eugene, Oregon, was laid on July 11th by President P. L. Campbell, of the University of Oregon. An address was also made by Ivan B. Rhodes, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The building is to cost \$50,000, and the money is all pledged. It will be ready to occupy in October. Professor Terrell, formerly instructor in the department of Mining Engineering, in the University of Oregon, and for the last year in the University of Idaho, has been secured as General Secretary.

Rev. John J. Staub has been given a vacation by his church for the month of August. He is spending the time by the "sad sea waves."

While a change is always helpful and invigorating during a few weeks of the "good old summertime," yet it would be very difficult to find a more nearly ideal summer climate than is to be found here in Portland and in the Willamette valley. Tens of thousands of Eastern people are becoming acquainted with this fact for the first time, as the hotels of

this city and other places are more crowded, and have been for the last two months, than at any time during the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905. Large numbers of these guests came to the Pacific Coast for the first time, primarily to visit the A. Y. P. Exposition at Seattle, and either before or afterwards come to Portland for a few days, and frequently for a few weeks, and then go to other parts of the coast. The tide of permanent settlement is setting towards the Pacific Coast, from north to south, very strongly. The hand of welcome and helpfulness should be ready everywhere.

Portland, August 15, 1909.

THE HOME

LAY OF A MODERN HOME.

"Let's build a beautiful home," said she,

"With pillared porches galore;

With great bay windows and white-tiled halls,

And curled birch finish on all the walls,

And with polished oaken floor."

"And how shall the kitchen be?" said he;

Pray, how shall the kitchen be?"

"We'll plan a dainty boudoir," said she,

"For me, and a den for you;

Of course an art and a music room,

A handsome greenhouse with plants a-bloom,

A pretty pergola too."

"But how shall the kitchen be?" said he;

"Oh, how shall the kitchen be?"

"We'll have a lofty tower," said she,

"And an observation dome;

A bath with the newest kind of quirks,

A library with the finest works,

For our lovely modern home."

"But how shall the kitchen be?" said he;

"Say, how shall the kitchen be?"

"You make of my life a care," said she,

"With wail of your woful fret;

We'd do quite well with a chafing-dish,

But if more bountiful meals you wish,

We'll plan for a kitchenette—

A plain little kitchenette," said she;

A cheap little kitchenette."

—Lippincott's.

TOO HANDY.

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terribly handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the tines of the forks, and that know just how much raising bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished, with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have

sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!" —Youth's Companion.

KEEPING SWEET.

It is not a matter of temperament nearly as much as some people imagine. To have a cheery and sunny and care-free habit of thought and life is something probably to be sought after and cultivated more than it is; but there is a greater achievement than this, and a much more Christian and fundamental one.

It is not a matter of circumstances or surroundings or chance happenings in life. Some of the sweetest souls—those who keep most resolutely the bitterness of envy and mistrust and narrowness and pessimism out of their scheme of life—have had to drink most deeply of the cup of sorrow and trouble and affliction. Keeping sweet is a habit of the soul; it is not learned lightly by very many of us; but it may be, it ought to be, maintained and persisted in even when life is doing its worst for us.

Just to take men and things at their best (perverse men and perverse things, it may be), to resolutely shut your soul to withering doubt and pessimism and fear, to be brave and hopeful and expectant of the best, to let kindness and patience have their perfect work both in your thought and in your deed—all these are implied just in keeping sweet. Yes, surely it is a great achievement, the crown and glory of Christian attainment.

We discount our religion most seriously and fatally when we do not allow it to train and discipline us in this fine art of Christian expression. We get the notion sometimes that harshness means strength, and we try to justify bitterness and unkindness in the name of our zeal for righteousness and truth. But we seldom succeed in satisfying our own conscience by the subterfuge, and we do always succeed in taking something from the winsomeness and charm and real power of the religion that we profess. It is a question if the lack of kindliness, of forbearance, of sweet reasonableness that manifests itself in our lives so often and so constantly does not do more to dishonor the name of the Son of Man and to discredit the causes of his kingdom than all the other failures and shortcomings that our lives do show. Just to keep sweet in our own soul life and in all our relations with the world about us is to give to our profession of religion a winsomeness and vitality that will make it a power for the bringing in of the kingdom.—The Christian Guardian.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Yes, it is an awful scrawl, but it's to mother. She won't mind," said Pepita. "As long as she knows we arrived safe and sound she won't criticize the writing."

And happy, hurried Pepita gayly scratched an illegible address on the envelope and tossed it into the post box without a stamp. Then she exclaimed, and peered into the slit of the letter-box after her lost missive. "And all that time and trouble wasted!" she lamented. Whereupon she bought a post-card, and this unaffectionate and public means of sending news was despatched to the loving mother, anxiously waiting for a word from her careless, pretty, selfish daughter.

Pepita is one of a large family. All her life she has seen her brothers and sisters poke fun at each other, ridi-

cule each other's faults and failings, borrow each other's handkerchiefs and neckties and veils and gloves, rummage through each other's desks, and otherwise show what an uncomfortable place to live in a domestic community can be.

Pepita would not dream of opening her friend's desk and helping herself to paper and stamps, but she would open and read her sister's letters if she knew who they were from and was anxious for news from the writer. Pepita would die rather than appear at her hostess's breakfast table with her hair in curl papers, but at home she goes about with her head thus decorated sometimes for half a day.

Pepita never uses slang or chews gum or dog-ears books or keeps her room looking as if a cyclone had just passed—when she is visiting. She does all these things at home.

Pepita would open her eyes with horror at the idea of being rude or discourteous to any one—outside of her home. She may not according to any formulated rules of conduct, and doubtless does not realize the strict line she draws, but her motto seems to be, "Anything will do for the family."

Poor Pepita is one of a very large class. To this class belong the husbands who rush to open doors and fetch chairs for women they know slightly and let their wives go up three flights of stairs to bring them a magazine or a handkerchief.

To this class belongs the woman of gentle manner and refined speech who in the privacy of the nursery boxes her children's ears and scolds them shrilly.

To this class belong the men who allow themselves to be trampled on and imposed upon in business, and who tyrannize over their children and bully their wives.

The charity that begins at home is a good thing, and it is a better thing when it extends beyond the home. But why do these people not cultivate for home enjoyment as well as for public exhibition, self-control, courtesy, thoughtfulness, tact, and tolerance?

AMUSEMENT PAUPERS AND THEIR CURE.

"No, I didn't have a good time," said Belle. "They treated me all right, and everything was nice enough, but there was nothing going on." There are many people like this young woman—never entertained unless something is "going on." They must be dressed up and sent spinning around a whirligig of happenings, or they grow deadly dull, bored nearly to death. They are solely dependent on other people for entertainment. In other words, they are amusement paupers.

It is a very sad state to be in, for amusement paupers run into so many dull strips of time, and are left there helpless. Not even the most industrious jumping jimmy can find people who will jerk the string all the time for his amusement, and the most showy trotter on the round of pleasure must often find the grand stand empty. Then what unutterable dullness, what agony to be left alone!

A pilgrim is very poorly equipped for the journey who starts out without any provisions for self-entertainment on the way. There is certain to be much time when there is "nothing going on," but it will not matter if only he has some mental activities to engross him.

It is the solemn duty of everyone to develop resources of entertainment within himself. Even if his friends are obliging and industrious enough to try to arrange amusements to fill all his time, the effort is too hard on them.

He ought to cultivate that little inward germ of thought until it can not only fill up the gaps, but will occasionally overflow and help entertain some one else. Anyone who has ever tried to amuse a person who had to be entertained every minute knows what a terrific strain it is, and in common charity one should hesitate so to inflict his friends.

The most pronounced symptom of the amusement pauper is shallowness; the next—restlessness—an abnormal craving for a constant and varied display of happenings. These, with an inordinate desire to be the largest part of the "show," qualify almost anyone for admission to the "entertainment poorhouse."

There is no fun in being an amusement pauper, and there is much discontent and bitterness in it—to say nothing of the uselessness of it. And how much he misses! The twilight hour, the gray day, the time when friends are gone and the lights are out, the silent moments which to the self-contained are the sweetest and happiest of all—these are lost to him.

Surely it is wise and well in fitting one's self for life to see that in the equipment there is some interest, some work, some study that a person can always turn to with zest when he must entertain himself. He should find and cultivate a secret spring in his own heart, bubbling with perpetual interest in life and its problems, in the earth and its Creator.

Given something worth while to think of, to read, to do, some one to appreciate, to love, and to plan for, and the plaint will cease to be, "What shall I do with myself?" for it will be swallowed up in "How can I find a day long enough to hold everything that I want to accomplish?"—William H. Hamby, in the "Interior."

THY WILL BE DONE.

By John Hay.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries, exulting, unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

The boy in the Lincoln Avenue car sat cuddled so closely to the woman in gray that everybody thought he belonged to her. So when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left hand neighbor she leaned over and said:

"Pardon me, madam; will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine!"

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I'm sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity in his voice took a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added: "Going up-town, alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father's dead and mother's dead. I live with Aunt Clara over in Belmar. But she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up, she packs me off over here to stay with Aunt Anna. I'm going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks like it is going to rain and I don't like to hang around in the streets in the rain."

The woman felt something move inside her throat, and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about in this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on these long trips, and when I see anybody I think I'd like to belong to I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that really am her little boy. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I got so int'sted that I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had overheard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best dress, but would feel like spanking him if he didn't.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

By Sam Walter Foss.

"Take yer head with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
"Take yer head with yer an' heed it;
Take yer head with yer wherever ye go,
Take yer head with yer, ye'll need it."

"Take yer heart with yer," says ol' Uncle Joe,
"Take yer heart with yer and heed it;
Take yer heart with yer, wherever ye go,
Take yer heart with yer, ye'll need it."

"Let yer head and yer heart talk over the thing.
An' arger the case till they've tried it,
While you set in style like a judge or a king,
An' when they've stopped jawin', decide it."

Young People

LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

A rose had been transplanted
 Into a Northern clime.
 She shiveringly lamented
 The old and happy time.
 "I cannot bear this flitting,
 I long for my 'Provence,'
 This cold and hail and sleeting
 Ne'er comes in my loved France!"

Then, looking up to heaven,
 She sighed a little prayer,
 "Thou God, who much hath given,
 Oh, keep me from despair;
 And, oh, once more contented,
 Kind Father, let me be!"
 And gently, then, peace-hearted,
 She slept from worry free.

Then, when the morning sunbeam
 Gilded the sleepy earth,
 The rosebud dreamt a day-dream,
 To which her prayer gave birth.
 She dreamt that her kind Maker,
 In pity and in love,
 Had brought a dress to shield her,
 His own kind hand had wove.

And this is why around her,
 The rose from warm Provence,
 A soft and mossy cover
 Is thrown,—and not by chance!
 The pretty legend tells us,
 When worrying o'er our lot,
 Our Father will befriend us,
 While we should murmur not!

—Louisa A. Nash.

JIM'S "FRESH AIR."

Jim's great idea was to make a "fresh-air" of Nan. He had been one himself the year before, and visions of green woods and fields and running brooks had been dancing before his eyes all through the winter, and if possible growing stronger as the reality slipped farther and farther away. He was fourteen and Nan was eleven, and they and their mother, who took in washing, constituted the Ganning family. Jim sorted scrap-iron for a junkman on the corner, and Nan sold matches and papers; and better even than being brother and sister, they were two of the best comrades in the world.

Outside of work hours they were generally together, and Jim had told her again and again about his country experience, and of his intention of living in the woods when he got rich. And Nan always listened with big, rapturous eyes, and with little gasps of wonder coming from between her full, red lips. Jim ever grew weary of listening; and the more he talked the more Jim was resolved that Nan herself should be a "fresh-air."

But there were a dozen children for each vacancy, and Nan was undeniably strong and healthy. Jim tried again

and again, but without success. Then he accidentally learned that an unsuccessful candidate could become a "fresh-air" for a month by the payment of ten dollars. But this was more money than he and Nan possessed, and his heart sank at the thought of such an insurmountable obstacle.

The next day he followed the "boss" of the "fresh-air" home with the desperate resolve of offering to work for him for the rest of his life if he would make Nan a "fresh-air." But his courage was not equal to the proposition, and he lingered outside the door of the elegant mansion until the "boss" came out from his dinner. A servant was sweeping the sidewalk, and the gentleman paused at the foot of the steps.

"I wish you could keep this sidewalk a little cleaner, Mike," he said; "it has looked extremely untidy lately."

"Yes, sorr," Mike answered, "but it's the garden-work, sorr; it kapes me that busy."

Jim waited until the gentleman had passed on down the street, and then edged up to Mike.

"S'pose ou let me have the broom," he said, insinuatingly, "I'm a master hand for cleanin'."

"Ahe yez?" Mike looked at him dubiously. "Well, I don't mind. It's spring-time, an' I'm that driv wid garden-work. Shure yez won't run away wid the broom?"

"Me?" asked Jim, indignantly; "I'm not that sort. But it's queer your boss is in the 'fresh-air' business. This place looks like he is awful rich."

Mike sniffed disdainfully. "Business!" he echoed. "Shure, the master has no business. That 'fresh-air' is jist charity work."

Jim spent an hour on the sidewalk with the broom, but was not satisfied with the result. The next morning he came again, and asked for the use of the hose and a scrubbing-brush. While he was at work the gentleman appeared.

"Ah, so Mike has engaged you to help him," he said affably. "He has certainly made a good choice. It looks like a different place. How would ou like to come every morning and repeat the work, my boy?"

"First rate," Jim answered.

"Very well." The gentleman opened his pocketbook, and selected a coin, but Jim shook his head, and drew back.

"It's not the money I'm wantin'," he said quickly. "I—I—if you'd only make Nan a 'fresh-air' I would ask nothin' else. An' I'd come every mornin' as long's you'd want me."

The gentleman looked a little surprised. "I don't quite understand," he said. Then something in the eager, up-turned face made him smile.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I'm the boy that's been pesterin' you about Nan."

"I remember." He looked at him some moments in silence. "Your sister is a strong, healthy girl, I believe, and it would be unfair to let her deprive a weak child of an outing. We can send only a limited number, you know."

"But Nan wants to go awfully," pleaded Jim.

"Well, suppose you meet me here to-morrow at this time. Perhaps we can do something."

The next morning Jim was again scrubbing the sidewalk when the gentleman appeared.

"You seem to like work," he said, smilingly. "Is Nan equally fond of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the rest of the family? How many are there?"

"Just Nan an' mother an' me, sir. Mother takes in washin'."

"And does she like to work?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman looked at him thoughtfully.

"How would you like to go into the country and be a 'freshair' all the time?" he asked.

Jim looked at him with incredulous wonder.

"An' Nan and mother?" he asked. "Mother used to live in the country when she was a bit of a girl, an' she often wishes she could go back."

"Yes, all of you. I have a place on the Hudson, and my gardener writes that he wants a boy to assist him, and that his wife needs help in the house. There is a nice little cottage on the place where you can live. Do you think your mother would like to go?"

"Like to go!" Jim could say no more, but his glowing face was sufficient answer.

"Very well, you may come down to my office this afternoon, and we will make all the arrangements."

As the gentleman turned away Jim threw his cap into the air, and then indulged in a series of handsprings and cartwheels and somersaults that made all the children of the neighboring windows clap their hands with delight.—Frank H. Sweet, in *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

AUNT JEANNETTE'S STORY.

By Annie H. Donnell.

"I wish I didn't have any hands, so there!" snapped Clem. "Then nobody'd say, 'Won't you please to pick some string-beans for dinner?' and 'Won't you please to pick some currants for tea?' and 'Won't you please to pick some—some—'"

"Chickens for Thanksgivin'!" finished Danny, gleefully. Clem laughed, and then, of course, felt better.

"But you couldn't make those lovely currant buns out o' mud 'thout any hands," little Dorris remarked, gravely. She smacked her lips as if her mouth watered for a bun.

"Then I'd make 'em with my feet!" laughed Clem. She had put on her "broad-brimmer" and picked up her baskets, ready for the currant picking. The little rain-cloud had quite blown over.

Aunt Jeannette was writing a letter to her soldier. The Children thought she was away off in the Philippine Islands, and it almost startled them when her sweet voice sounded suddenly in their ears.

"I saw a little boy making mud pies with his feet," said Aunt Jeannette.

"Aunty!" With his feet?"

"Yes, with his two little feet, and he did it in a very workmanlike way, too. You would have been surprised."

"Oh aunty, don't stop! Tell us the rest!" pleaded the three children, eagerly.

"But I'm afraid to keep Clem waiting—it will be so hot in the currant patch soon," Aunt Jeannette objected.

"Hot! I'd rather pick currants—in—in Vanilla, aunty, than not to hear that story!" Clem cried. So aunty slipped her soldier's letter in her portfolio and told them the story.

"I think he must have been on his way home from school. He was a bright-faced little fellow about as old as Clem, and he had on a little blue cape like a soldier boy. It hung around him in loose folds. There was a new house going up on the street, and he was making his pies out of a little heap of sand beside the great box the men were mixing mortar in. I wish you could have seen the neat way he made them!"

"O aunty, with his feet!" breathed Clem.

"With his feet. He drew the moist sand toward him into a little pile with one foot and worked it and stirred it and patted it with the other. He was so busy he didn't notice anybody watching him until I said, 'How much do you ask for your pies?' and then he looked up into my face and smiled. We felt quite acquainted then."

"Then I s'pose you shook hand's little Doris said.

Aunt Jeannette's sweet face sobered.

"No, but we both smiled. That's a beautiful way to get acquainted.

"They are beautiful pies," I said, "but why do you make them with your feet? It's such a funny way."

"Oh, if I hadn't said that! I am sorry for it still, and I said it years ago. For when the little fellow looked up at me gravely, I knew all at once why he stood there patting his little sand pies with his feet. He need not have told me. There were no hands under his little blue soldier cape."

"O aunty!"

"Oh, no, please no, aunty!"

The tears were in Aunt Jeannette's eyes.

"But I don't mind—huh!" the little fellow said, cheerily. "There's heaps o' things a fellow can do with his feet. There's run an' walk an' skip an'—this." And he went back to his pies again, whistling. I bought a dozen pies, and went away and left him there. Whenever I think of him now, it's standing there still, whistling and molding his little round, wet pies."

There was silence in the big, bright nursery for a minute. Danny broke it with a soft little whistle that had quivery-quavery notes in it. Clem was shuffling her stout little boots about, as if she were trying to make imaginary sand pies on the carpet. They were clumsy little feet at that work.

"I couldn't do it aunty—I couldn't!" she said, soberly.

"Is that all of the story, aunty?" little Doris asked.

"Why, no, not quite. I used to see the little fellow often after that, and I found out some other things he could do. He could print and add sums on the black-board."

"Now, aunty!"

"Now, aunty! But it was true that he could. Wait till I tell you how. His brother went to school with him every morning and took the shoes and stockings off from his little pink-and-white feet. Then the teacher lifted him up on a high stool and let him take the chalk in his bits of toes and go to work. That is truly what happened every day. And they told me he was a real little scholar. That's all, little Doris."

Clem picked up her baskets again and started across the room. At the door she stopped.

"I'm going to pick the currants first and then the string-beans," she said. "An' then, aunty, don't you want me to pick you those red clovers to dry? You needn't say, 'Won't you please?'" she added, softly, looking down at her little brown hands, "because I feel just exactly like picking things."

Secretary Nagel has upheld the decision of the Commissioner of Immigration that each immigrant must possess \$25 when arriving in this country.

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